Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt. Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Euan. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure hee is; my Intelligence is true, my iealouſie is reaſonable, plucke mee out all the linnen.

Miſt. Ford. If you find a man there, hee ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Maſter *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity; Let me for euer be your Table-ſport; Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

Miſt. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe; my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening quea
Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of erran
do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not know wh
brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune telli
She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, and ſu
dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know n
thing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, co
downe I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlem
let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Miſ. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me yo
hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, y
Hagge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, o
Ile coniure you, ile fortune-tell you.

Miſ. Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſ. Ford. Nay hee will do it, 'tis a goodly credit
you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euan. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch i
deede: I like not when a o'mans has a great peard; I ſp
a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follo
ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie. If I cry out thus vpon
traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further;
Come Gentlemen.

Miſ. Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſ. Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not; he beate hi
moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſ. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung o
the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſ. Ford. What thinke you? May wee with the warra
of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcien
purſue him with any further reuenge?